

MR. DOOLEY ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

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SEE be th' pa-pers," said Mr. Dooley, "that th' ladies in England have got up in their might an' demanded a vote."

"A what?" cried Mr. Hennessy.

"A vote," said Mr. Dooley.

"Th' shameless viragoes," said Mr. Hennessy. "What did they do?"

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Dooley, "an immense concourse iv forty iv thim gathered in London an' marched up to th' House iv Commons, or naytional dormitory, where a loud an' almost universal snore proclaimed that a debate was ragin' over th' bill to allow English gentlemen to marry their deceased wife's sisters before th' autopsy. In th' great hall iv Rufus some iv th' mightiest male intellects in Britain slept under their hats while an impassioned orator delivered a hem-stitched speech on th' subject iv th' day to th' attentive knees an' feet iv th' ministry. It was into this here assembly iv th' first gentlemen iv Europe that ye see on ye'er way to France that th' furious females attempted to enter. Undaunted be th' stairs iv th' building or th' rude jeers iv th' multichood, they advanced to th' very outside dures iv th' idifice. There an overwhelming force iv three policemen opposed thim. 'What d'ye want, mum?' asked the polis. 'We demand th' suffrage,' says th' commander iv th' army iv freedom.

"Th' brutal polis refused to give it to thim an' a desprate battle followed. Th' ladies fought gallantly, hurliu' cries iv 'Brute,' 'Monster,' 'Cheap,' et celhry, at th' constabulary. Hat pins were dhrawn. Wan lady let down her back hair; another, bolder thin th' rest, done a fit on th' marble stairs; a third, p'raps rendered insane be sufferin' f'r a vote, strucked a burly ruffian with a Japanese fan on th' little finger iv th' right hand. 'Thin th' infuriated officers iv th' law charged on th' champeens iv liberty. A scene iv horror followed. Policemen seized ladies be th' arms an' led thim down th' stairs; others were carried out faintin' be th' tyrants. In a few minyits all was over, an' nawthin' but three hundred hairpins remained to mark th' scene iv slaughter. Thus, Hinnessy, was another battle f'r freedom fought an' lost."

"It serves thim right," said Mr. Hennessy. "They ought to be at home tandin' th' babies."

"A thrue statement an' a sound argymint that appeals to ivry man. P'raps they havn't got any babies. A baby is a good substichoot f'r a ballot, an' th' hand that rocks th' cradle sildom has time f'r anny other luxuries. But why shud we give thim a vote, says I. What have they done to injure this here impeccable suffrage that we fought an' bled f'r? Whim me forefathers were followin' George Wash'nton an' sufferin' all th' hardships that men endure campin' out in vacation time, what were th' women doin'? They were back in Matsachosetts milkin' th' cow, mendin' socks, followin' th' plow, plantin' corn, keepin' store, shoein' horses, an' pursuin' th' other frivolous follies iv th' fair but fickle sect. Afther th' war our brave fellows come back to Boston an' as a reward f'r their devotion got a vote apiece, if their wives had kept th' Pilgrim fathers that stayed at home f'r'm foreclosing th' morgedged on their property. An' now, be hevins, they want to share with us what we won."

"Why, they wudden't know how to vote. They think it's an easy job that anny wan can do, but it ain't. It's a man's wurruk, an' a sthrong man's with a sthrong stomach. I don't know annything that requires what Hogan calls th' exercise iv manly vigor more thin votin'. It's th' hardest wurruk I do in th' year. I get up before daylight an' thramp over in th' cold to th' Timple iv Freedom, which is also th' office iv a livery stable. Wan iv th' judges has a cold

ness on th' walls glows an' puts out its own peculiar aromy. Th' owner iv th' sanchooary iv Liberty comes in, shakes up a bottle iv liniment made iv carbolie acid, pours it into a cup an' goes out. Wan iv th' domestic attendants iv th' guests iv th' house walks through f'r'm makin' th' beds. Afther a while th' chief judge, who knows me well, because he shaves me three times a week, gives me a contimchous stare, asks me me name an' a number iv scand'lous questions about me age.

"I'm timplted to make an angry retort, whin I see th' policeman movin' nearer, so I take me ballot an' wait me turn in th' booth. They're all oecupied be writhin' freemen, callin' in sthtrangled voices f'r somewan to light th' candle so they'll be sure they ain't votin' th' prohibition ticket. Th' calico sheets over th' front iv th' booths wave an' ar-re pushed out like th' curtains iv a Pullman car whin a fat man is dhress-

in' inside while th' thrain is goin' round a curve. In time a freeman bursts through, with perspiration poorin' down his nose, huris his suffrage at th' judge an' staggers out. I plunge in, sharpen an inch iv lead pencil be readin' it with me teeth, mutilate me ballot at th' top iv th' dimmyeratic column, an' run f'r me life.

"Cud a lady do that, I ask ye? No, sir, 'tis no job f'r th' fair. It's men's wurruk. Molly Donahue wants a vote, but though she cud bound Kamachatka as easily as ye cud this precinct, she ain't qualified f'r it. It's meant f'r gr-reat sturdy American pathrites like Mulkowsky th' Pollackey down th' sthreet. He don't know yet that he ain't votin' f'r th' King iv Poland. He thinks he's still over there pretindin' to be a horse instead iv a free American givin' an imitation iv a steam dhredge.

"On th' first Choosday afther th' first Monday in November an' April a man goes around to his house, wakes him up, leads him down th' sthreet, an' votes him th' way ye'd wather a horse. He don't mind inhalin' th' air iv liberty

Pictures by
Gordon Ross

By Finley Peter Dunne



"A Baby is a Good Substichoot f'r a Ballot, an' th' Hand That Rocks th' Cradle Sildom Has Time f'r Anny Other Luxuries."

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right. Take my vote an' use it as ye please," says I. "An' I'll get an hour or two exthry sleep iliction day mornin'," says I. "I've voted so often I'm tired iv it annyhow," says I. "But," says I, "why shud annywan so young an' beautiful as ye want to do annything so foolish as to vote?" says I. "Ain't we intelligen' enough?" says she. "Ye're too intelligen'," says I. "But intelligen' don't give ye a vote."

"What does, thin," says she. "Well," says I, "enough iv ye at wan time wantin' it enough. How many ladies ar-re there in ye're Woman's Rights Club?" "Twinty," says she. "Make it three hundred," says I, "an' ye'll be on ye'er way. Ye'er mother doesn't want it, does she? No, nor ye'er sister Katie? No, nor ye'er cousin, nor ye'er aunt? All that illection day means to thim is th' old man goin' off in th' mornin' with a light step an' fire in his eye, an' comin' home too late at night with a dent in his hat, newsboys hollerin' exthries with th' news that fifty-four votes had been cast in th' third precinct in th' Sivin' Ward at 8 o'clock, an' Packy an' Aloysius stealin' bar's f'r'm th' groceryman f'r th' bone-fire. If they iver join ye an' make up their minds to vote, they'll vote. Ye bet they will."

"Ye see, 'twas this way votin' come about. In th' beginnin' on'y th' king had a vote, an' ivrybody else was a Chinaman or an Indyan. Th' king clapped his crown on his head an' wint down to th' polls, marked a cross at th' head iv th' column where his name was, an' wint out to cheer th' returns. Thin th' jooks got sthrong, an' says they: 'Votin' seems a healthy exercise an' w'd like to thry it. Give us th' franchise or we'll do things to ye.' An' they got it. Thin it wint down through th' earls an' th' markises an' th' rest iv th' Dooley fam'ly, till fin'ly all that was left iv it was flung to th' ign'rant masses like Hinnessy, because they made a lot iv noise an' threatened to set fire to th' barns."

"An' there ye ar-re. Ye'll never get it be askin' th' polis f'r it. No wan iver got his rights f'r'm a policeman, an' be th' same token, there ar-re no rights worth havin' that a polisman can keep ye f'r'm gettin'. Th' ladies iv London ar-re followin' the right course, on'y there ain't enough iv thim. If there were forty thousand iv thim ar-armed with hat pins an' prepared to plunge th' same into th' stomachs iv th' inmates iv female suffrage, an' if, instead iv faintin' in th' ar-rms iv th' constabulary, they charged an' punctured thim an' broke their way into th' House iv Commons, an' pulled the wig off the Speaker, an' knocked th' hat over th' eyes iv Sir Camel Bannerman, it wudden't be long before some member wud talk in his sleep in their favor. Ye bet! If ye'er suffrage club was composed iv a hundred thousand sturdy ladies ar-armed with rollin' pins, brooms, mops, potato mashers, stove lifters, an' th' other weepins that nature has provided th' sect with to defend thim-selves again tyran'ny in th' home, it wudden't be long before Bill O'Brien wud be sindin' ye a box iv chocolate creams f'r ye'er vote."

"Some day ye may get a vote, but before ye do I'll r-read this in th' pa-pers: 'A hundred thousand armed an' determined women invaded

th' capital city to-day demandin' th' right to vote. They chased th' polis across th' Pottymac, mobbed a newspaper that was again th' bill, an' tarred an' feathered Sinitor Glue, th' leader iv th' opposition. At 10 o'clock a rumor spread that th' President wud veto th' bill, an' instantly a huge crowd iv excited females gathered in front of the White House, hurlin' rocks an' cryin' 'Lynch him!' Th' tumult was on'y quelled whin th' President's wife appeared on th' balcony an' made a brief speech. She said she was a member iv th' local suffrage club, an' she felt safe in assuring her sisters that th' bill wud be signed. If nois'sry, she wud sign it herself. (Cheers.) Th' President was a little onruly, but he was frequently that way. Th' married ladies in th' aujence wud understand. He meant nawthin'. It was on'y wan iv his tantrums. A little moral suasion wud bring him around all right. At prisent th' chief Magistrate was in th' kitchen with his daughter settin' on his head."

"Th' speech was rayceived with loud cheers, an' th' mob proceeded down Pinnsylvania Avenue. Be noon all entrances to th' capital were jammed. Congressmen attimptin' to enter were seized by th' hair iv th' head an' made to sign a pa-aper promisin' to vote right. Immediately afther th' prayer th' Hon'rab'le Gussie Gumdhop iv Matsachosetts offered th' suffrage bill f'r passage. 'Th' motion is out iv order,' began th' Speaker. At this minyit a lady standin' behind th' chair dhrove a darning needle through his coat tails. 'But,' continued th' Speaker, reachin' behind him with an agnized expression, 'I will let it go annyhow.' 'Mr. Speaker, I protest,' began th' Hon'rab'le Attila Sthrong, 'I protest—' At this a perfect tornado iv rage broke out in th' gall'ries. Inkwells, bricks, combs, shoes, smellin' bottles, hand mirrors, fans, an' powder puffs were hurled at th' onforheint member. In the midst iv th' confusion th' wife iv Congressman Sthrong cud be seen wavin' a par'sol over her head an' callin' out: 'I dare ye to come home to-night, polthroom.'

"Whin th' noise partially subsided, th' bold Congressman, his face livid with emotion, was heard to remark with a sob: 'I was on'y about to say I second th' motion, deary.' Th' bill was carried without a dissintin' voice, an' rushed over to th' Sinit. There it was opposed be Sinitor Tillman, but afther a brief dialogue with th' leader iv th' suffragettes, he swooned away. Th' Sinit fin'ly instructed th' clerk to cast th' unanimous vote f'r th' measure. To-night in th' prinsine iv a vast multichood th' Prisdint was led out be his wife armed with a flat-iron. He was supported, or rather pushed, be two iv his burly daughters. He seemed much confused, an' his wife had to point out with th' flat-iron th' place where he was to sign. With tremblin' fingers he affixed his signature an' was led back."

"Th' night passed quietly, although a slight disturbance was caused be th' Missouri dilly-dagtion demandin' to vote at wanst. Th' sthreets were crowded all avenin' with good-natured throngs iv ladies, an' in front iv th' dry goods stores, which were illuminated f'r th' occasion, it

was almost impossible to get through. Iv course there were th' usual riochous scenes in th' drug stores, where th' bibulous gathered at th' sody wather counthers an' cillybrated th' victhry in lemon, vanilla, an' choc'late, some iv thim keepin' it up till 9 o'clock, or even later."

"Whin that comes about, me child," says I, "ye may sheathe ye'er hat pins in ye'er millinary, f'r ye'll have as much right to vote as th' most ignorant man in th' ward. But don't ask f'r rights. Take thim. An' don't let anny one give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' th' matter with it. It's

more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out," says I. "I didn't fight f'r th' rights I'm told I enjye, though to tell ye th' truth I enjye me wrongs more; but some wan did. Some time some fellow was prepared to lay down his life, or better still, th' other fellow's, f'r th' right to vote."

"I believe ye're in favor iv it ye'erself," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Faith," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm not wan way or th' other. I don't care. What diff'rence does it make? I wudden't mind at all havin' a little soap an' wather, a broom an' a duster applied to pollyticks. It wudden't do anny gr-reat harm if a man cudn't be illicted to office unless he kept his hair combed, an' blacked his boots an' shaved his chin wanst a month. Annyhow, as Hogan says, I care not who casts th' votes iv me country so long as we can hold th' offices. An' there's on'y wan way to keep the women out iv office, an' that's to give thim a vote."

The Gentle Cynic

Even wild oats seem tame to some young men.

The very best business for a man to be in is his own.

Many a man's principles are sound; in fact, nothing but sound.

Many a fellow is contented because he is too lazy to make a kick.

The living the world owes a man costs more to collect than it is worth.

Almost any poet could write magazine articles on how to live on \$10 a week.

Of course, people carry opera glasses to the theatre for the looks of the thing.

The average woman's idea of charity is to knit bedroom slippers for the Hottentots.

"Handsome is as handsome does" is a comforting motto for the fellow who isn't.

Between airships and submarine boats, the coming generation won't be on the level.

It is when a woman can't get a divorce that she is apt to regard marriage as a failure.

Some men are thrown in the shade by their rivals, and others stand in their own light.

The pessimist doesn't believe in putting off till to-morrow the trouble he can borrow to-day.

The naturalists won't admit it, but I have a strong suspicion that the bald eagles are the married ones.



"Brutal! 'Monster!'"

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in his head an' closes all th' windows. Another fudge has built a roarin' fire in a round stove an' is cookin' red-hot on it. Th' room is lit with candles an' kerosene lamps, an' is crowded with pathrites who haven't been to bed. At th' dure are two or three policemen that maybe ye don't care to meet. Dock O'Leary says he don't know annything that'll exhaust th' air iv a room so quick as a polisman in his winter unform. All th' pathrites an' as th' pa-pers call thim, th' high priests iv this here sacred rite, ar-re smokin' th' best seegars that th' token money iv our country can buy.

"In th' pleasant warmth iv th' fire, th' har-

in a livery stable. But if Molly Donahue wint to vote in a livery stable, th' first thing she'd do wud be to get a broom, sweep up th' flure, open th' windows, disinfect th' booths, take th' harness f'r'm th' walls, an' hang up a pitcher iv Niagary be moonlight, chase out th' watchers an' polis, remove th' seegars, make th' judges get a shave, an' p'raps invalydate th' illection. It's no j-r f'r her, an' I told her so.

"We demand a vote," says she. 'All right says I, take mine. It's old, but it's trustworthly an' durable. It may look a little th' worse f'r wear f'r'm bein' hurled again a ruypublican majority in this country f'r forty years, but it's all